MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VII. MAY, 1912 No. 3

CONTENTS

		Page
A Lie is Still a Lie	Paul Eldridge	65
Observations and Comments		66
May Hopes		73
Lessons in Patriotism	A. Sylvester Yates	77
The Commune of Paris	Peter Kropotkin	79
Socialists Save the National Flag	J. L. Burbank	84
The Power of the Ideal	Emma Goldman	87
San Diego Acknowledgment		92
Appeal from Lawrence		92
A Politician About a Revolutionist	M. B.	94

EMMA GOLDMAN - - - - PUBLISHER
ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR
Office: 55 West 28th Street, New York City
Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

A Dramatist who is not afraid to handle without gloves Subjects tabooed by the lascivious Comstockian morality

THREE PLAYS

By BRIEUX

Maternity, Damaged Goods, The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont

CLOTH, $1.50

TO BE HAD THROUGH

Mother Earth Publishing Association

55 WEST 28th STREET, NEW YORK

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY

We offer a small library on Anarchism consisting of the following books:

ANARCHISM, by Eltzbacher. An able and impartial exposition of Anarchism **$1.50**

WHAT IS PROPERTY? by Proudhon. A brilliant arraignment of property and the state - **2.00**

CONQUEST OF BREAD, by Peter Kropotkin. The economic basis of Anarchism .. **1.00**

ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Emma Goldman **1.00**

MOTHER EARTH, a monthly magazine devoted to literary and revolutionary topics **1.00**

Total $6.50

This set every social student should own. Send your order at once and get these books for **$5.00**

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 55 West 28th Street, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. VII **MAY, 1912** **No. 3**

A LIE IS STILL A LIE

BY PAUL ELDRIDGE.

WHAT boots it that you kneel and pray,
And read your Holy Book,
If hatred is within your heart,
And sin within your look—
BUT A LIE IS STILL A LIE!

You may shout a thousand times
The glory of your flag,
But if the country you still rob,
It's but a painted rag—
AND A LIE IS STILL A LIE!

If the workers toil in hunger,
And honesty's despised,
Go, proclaim your country's richer,
And man more civilized—
FOR A LIE IS STILL A LIE!

If wrong's the justice of the poor,
And courts are dens of thieves,
Break the tablets of your laws,
For justice mourns and grieves—
FOR A LIE IS STILL A LIE!

Though loud you praise your land,
And liberty proclaim,
For if but one as slave be chained,
Then to your country—Shame!
A LIE IS STILL A LIE!

If wrong is right within the land,
And names our people fool,
Then Tyranny, thy work pursue,
Though one or many rule!
AND A LIE IS STILL A LIE!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IT does not happen often that the big criminals are treated to a dose of their own medicine. A mine explosion destroys thousands of obscure coal diggers, but the Baers are at a safe distance; a Triangle holocaust costs the lives of hundreds of poor working girls, while the bosses manage to escape unhurt; scores of men in the steel and other industries are killed and maimed every day in the year, while the steal captains feast on the bone and marrow of labor, and Morgan stupidly continues the system-like investment of fabulous sums in more or less genuine art treasures.

The poor sweat and perish; the rich enjoy in idleness and safety. That is the universal rule. But an exception, to a certain extent, proved the sinking of the luxurious ship Titanic. It carried to a watery grave a few persons of the class which seems to believe that death by accident can only be the fate of insignificant paupers. Hence the copious and this time really sincere tears of the capitalist press, which usually has but little time or space to devote to a mine disaster or similar proletarian catastrophe—an every-day occurrence that hardly deserves any notice.

The public opinion represented by this kind of journalism may find some sort of consolation in reflecting that more than twice as many steerage travelers perished with the Titanic than first-cabin passengers. Among the latter were 148 women and children, and of these 134, or 91 per cent., escaped death. There were 128 second-class women and children passengers, and the lives of 106, or 83 per cent., were spared. Of women and children steerage travelers there were 224, and 93, or 42 per cent., were saved.

What is the reason that such a large percentage of steerage passengers was lost? Were they too mean-spirited to save themselves, preferring to sacrifice their

lives for the sake of the wealthy first-cabin passengers? Oh, no! According to the testimony of reliable witnesses the steerage passengers were driven back to the hold of the ship, and there forced to remain till most of the rich passengers had an opportunity to secure lifeboats.

Like so many other great industrial accidents, the Titanic catastrophe could have been averted by the proper exercise of care and precaution. But these involve expense and the employment of a greater number of intelligent and experienced seamen. That is why accidents of this nature will not cease, and the poor steerage passengers and the industrial slaves will continue to be sacrificed, in the future as in the past, so long as we uphold the system of insane competition which prizes profits above human life.

* * *

THE State and its officials are nowadays the business agents of the money power. They are faithful servants, never dilatory in advancing the interests of their masters, or defending them against censure. Thus Minister Asquith promptly exonerated those guilty for the Titanic catastrophe by declaring that the terrible loss of life was purely an act of Providence.

It is rather compromising to the divine Providence that it is made constantly to play the scapegoat for the crimes committed by the greed of plutocracy.

* * *

IN connection with the Titanic disaster it has leaked out that Major Archibald Butt, one of its victims, was returning from a semi-secret mission to the Vatican. He had been sent by President Taft to carry to Rome a present in the form of new privileges for the noble shepherds of the Catholic flock. The circumstance throws a new light on the strenuous efforts of these elements to aid the Washington administration in driving the herd on election day into the right political field.

Religious superstition is undoubtedly a good means of strengthening the pillars of political stupidity.

* * *

CONSIDERABLE has been published of late in the magazines and newspapers of the country concerning

syndicalism, direct action, and sabotage. Most of the stuff emanating from the capitalist camp, it is not surprising that the greater part of the output was cheap journalistic trash, written without the least comprehension of the subject. On occasion, however, the enemy shows a keener scent in certain directions than some lukewarm friends. That is especially true of a recent article in the New York *World,* containing the following passage:

> Syndicalism professes to scorn striking for a question of wages. It wants to render the mines or mills or railroads unprofitable and worthless as property, and its method of doing this is by strikes on any pretext, by bad work, by smaller output, higher wages, and constant friction with the management. A strike that results in no immediate gain for the workers is not considered lost effort, for, where repeated, strikes help to disorganize and weaken the existing system. When this crumbles under their prolonged assaults or passive wrecking, the syndicalists purpose stepping in and taking over in the name of their unions the business enterprises and branches of industry they have deliberately wrecked.

As a matter of course, the writer defends the beautiful "existing system" against "destructive" syndicalism. But he very carefully ignores the fact that capitalist "civilization" is not only detrimental to real industry, but that it destroys the very things that make life livable and worth while.

* * *

ONE after another follow the disclosures of rottenness and corruption in the prisons of our land. In Kansas, in Nebraska, and recently in Maryland—everywhere are rampant the same bestial "reform" methods. In the Kansas penitentiary a youth in his teens was recently flogged to death. In the State prison of Lincoln, Nebraska, the inmates rebelled against the white terror of the corrupt officials, on which occasion one of the guards lost his life. In the Maryland House of Correction—according to the admission of the authorities themselves—the cat-o'-nine tails is frequently applied upon the naked bodies; filth prevails to such an extent that disease is rampant; the system of contract labor turns the prisoners into slaves, forced to toil on the scantiest and most unwholesome food.

Over these government hells of torture could be fittingly inscribed: Here quiver petty offenders under the lash of big criminals, who have stamped upon their system of robbery and murder the seal of legality.

THE indictments against Ettor and Giovannitti and other prominent participants in the Lawrence strike contain the repeated charge of conspiracy. This method seems to appeal very strongly to the enemy, as affording a sure means for satisfying their thirst for revenge. In the ever more intense and savage struggle, capital is branding as conspiracy every attempt of labor to improve conditions of work. Plutocratic morality and class courts stamp as conspiracy every effort toward liberty and independence.

If conspiracy is really to be punished, then first of all should be the turn of the criminals of high finance and industry who conspire to adulterate the means of subsistence and then raise prices on their trashy stuff.

From the various "conspiracy" indictments at Lawrence, it is evident that the authorities are determined to railroad the leaders of the successful textile strike to the electric chair or to prison. They are trying to rush matters, hoping to convict the defendants before a strong protest movement is set in motion. The trial of Ettor and Giovannitti has been set for the 27th of this month, and if American labor continues to remain passive in the matter, the fate of these two victims of the Woolen Trust will be quickly sealed.

Don't wait till it is too late. We urge upon all friends of labor to take immediate steps to organize a monster protest movement. The methods employed in the case of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone can be used again, with equally good result. It will be to the eternal shame of American labor to permit the sacrifice of the two valiant fighters in the cause of the workers. Away with compromise that merely betrays weakness and cowardice! Only a bold and determined stand can save our comrades. Let us warn the enemy that the contemplated outrage will not be permitted. Unfortunately, the toilers of the country are not prepared for a national general strike. But a general strike of all the workers of the State of Massachusetts will show the plutocratic cannibals the spirit of the situation; it will enlighten the masters of the things to be expected, and may they quickly realize that henceforth the motto of labor, driven to desperation, will be—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

IN an unguarded moment, a word of truth may emanate from unexpected quarters. Thus Rabbi Wise has permitted himself the luxury of a sincere expression before the Methodist Ministers' Association. Said he:

I have a thousand pay envelopes of toilers in the mills of Lawrence, received before the strike, and not one in that thousand is for more than $6 a week. In Lawrence the Church is practically deserted, for, as I heard one workingman say, "I know where the Church stands." It is a challenge to the Church.

There are 6,000,000 women workers between the ages of 16 and 21, and we must ask for living and working conditions that are human, just and decent, for these women workers, and for no child labor. Why do American workingmen have to resort to dynamiting and murder to get industrial justice? The problem remains unsolved. There will be more McNamaras unless the Church does its duty.

That there will be more McNamaras and more dynamiting is very likely, for both are indigenous to the soil of oppression. But the appeal to the Church is quite in vain. More than ever before, the Church is to-day the handmaid of wealth and robbery; aye, she is herself a tremendous capitalist enterprise that trades upon the religious instincts of the people and their superstitions. It's good business, and the Church will remain,—as she has always been in the past—on the side of the powers that rule and exploit.

* * *

THE notorious State Constabulary of Pennsylvania has again served its plutocratic masters by causing a blood bath, on May 8th, among the coal miners of Minersville, Pa. Four workingmen were killed, and a score seriously injured.

Of course, they were "only foreigners." But when we consider that it is these foreigners that are the foundation of the industrial life of this country, and that, furthermore, they are considerably more intelligent and less susceptible to corruption than the typical Irish-American "native," we may hope that the constant shooting and murdering by the Cossacks of capitalism will not be suffered to continue much longer.

* * *

THE amendment to the Immigration Bill, introduced by Root, the Senator from Wall Street, aims at the final elimination of the last vestiges of political asylum in

the United States. It is a reversal to the worst form of absolutism, and virtually constitutes an approval of the policies of the Russian autocracy. The bill, if it become a law, would turn the Republic into the bloodhound of every European and Asiatic tyrant.

Every lover of liberty—whatever shreds there are left of it in this country—should lose no time in joining the protest against the proposed law that breathes the spirit of murderous tyranny.

* * *

NO INTELLIGENT person can doubt the designs of the American money power on the rich, natural treasures of Mexico. Nor is it to be gainsaid that the United States government is eager to aid the American plutocrats to the extent of its whole army and navy power. But can the contemplated highway robbery be successfully consummated? There is the rub.

About a century ago the revolutionary French proletariat routed the combined European coalition of reaction. The statesmen in Washington probably fear a repetition of that experience on the American continent. Hence their hesitation.

In the meantime the Federal government continues to do the dirty work of Madero. On April 25th Fernando Palmarez, Doramie, and Lomas were sentenced to one year and one day in the Leavenworth Penitentiary. Since November of last year they had been imprisoned on the charge of violating the neutrality laws. In other words, these Mexicans are being punished by the "free" Republic for unselfishly devoting their lives to help their much-suffering country to throw off the yoke of oppression.

For the 4th of June are scheduled the trials of three other Mexican revolutionists—Enrico Flores Magon, Anselmo Figueroa, and Librada Rivera, members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party.

Regeneracion, the official organ of the Junta, has issued a call to all lovers of liberty to aid in the defense of the brave fighters for Free Mexico, together with a protest coupon of the following context:

I protest against the prosecution of the Mexican revolutionists Ricardo and Enrique Magon, Librado Rivera and Anselmo L. Figueroa, because revolutions in Cuba, Nicaragua,

Honduras, Guatemala, Haiti, San Domingo and other Central and South American countries have been fomented in this country with the consent and knowledge of the authorities. Francisco I. Madero violated the neutrality laws and even stole a cannon from the public street of El Paso, but the neutrality laws were never invoked against him. Madero's troops have been allowed to traverse American territory for the purpose of defeating those who are struggling for Land and Liberty.

* * *

THE plutocratic firms of wholesale meat dealers were acquitted on the charge of forming a trust for the purpose of exploiting the consumers by exorbitant prices.

The verdict of the court is a matter of indifference to the "sovereign people." The prices of necessaries will continue to rise, whatever the decision of the wise cadis. If the trust usurers are acquitted, they raise the prices, conscious of their inviolability. When they are sentenced to a fine, prices are raised again, on the pretext of increased expense.

Investigation, your name is fraud!

* * *

TOM MANN, the English labor leader, has been sentenced to six months' prison. His crime consisted in appealing to the soldiers not to become the murderers of their industrial brothers.

A monster protest meeting against the infamous verdict took place in Trafalgar Square in London, on which occasion the toilers of the British metropolis in no unmistakable terms replied to the challenge of their masters.

There is good hope that the classic land of conservative, model trades-unions will soon awaken to the real state of things in the country of "free and independent" Englishmen.

* * *

IT was in the Days of May, 1871, that the Communards of Paris made their last heroic stand against the combined reaction of Europe. In memory of their martyrdom—and to recall to mind the bestiality of the enemy—we bring in this number an appreciation of the tendencies and spirit of the Paris Commune, by Peter Kropotkin. It was a tremendous beginning; the present and the future will have to carry it to its logical and inevitable end.

MAY HOPES

DAYS of May, the springtime! Young, strong ideals flower into new hope, and virile ideas seek to transplant themselves into the reality of life. The aspirations of the pathfinder, the pioneer's vision of an enchanting future—in such striking contrast with the repulsive present—are beginning to take form in the feelings and thoughts, in the life and activities of mankind.

* * *

The conception embodied in the First of May springs from the ideal of the international solidarity of labor. Its great revolutionary significance lies in the brotherhood of a united world proletariat, risen above the artificial barriers of race and country. May these barriers still exist for king and priest, politician and exploiter; the toilers of the world, whose mission is the emancipation from all slavery and bondage, begin to realize that patriotic intolerance, like religious persecution, only serves to divide the workers against themselves, to nurture prejudice and superstition, and to perpetuate antagonisms and hatreds. The men of labor are learning that humanity is one and indivisible, and the earth its fatherland.

Still thousands of uniformed slaves lend themselves to murder, at the behest of "superiors." But louder and ever louder thunders the voice from the depths of the social consciousness, in mighty protest against the slaughter of war, and soon the day may come when the "great" generals will find themselves deserted by their armies.

Yet if war there must be, let us sharpen our steel for the battle against the common enemy, in the struggle of humanity against its exploiters. No more shall man his brother maim or kill, or a people decimate an inoffensive neighbor. Let the toilers of the world, in common cause united, declare war against the powers of darkness and tyranny.

You soldiers, be you hired or voluntary, do you belong to the people or to their privileged oppressors? You are part of the people in whose midst dwell your brothers and sisters. Are you willing to shoot them down, at the order of some brilliantly uniformed executioner of the plutocrats? Consider what you are about! The

power of the oppressors rests on the obedience of their slaves. Wars will exist only as long as the people permit themselves to be driven to the fields of carnage.

National patriotic "holidays" celebrate wholesale murder in the interests of the kings of money. But the holiday of the international proletariat—the First of May—glorifies the awakening brotherhood of man, and prepares the way for the abolition of wholesale patriotic and industrial slaughter. What boots us the Fourth of July when we realize that the so-called War of Independence has only served to enable American lords the better to exploit the American masses. The international slogan of labor, as crystalized in the First of May, signifies the abolition of internecine strife, and the cessation of oppression of man by man. The intelligent worker henceforth refuses to be decoyed by the clap-trap of politicians and the paper promises of well-being and liberty. Freedom, political sovereignty, and civic rights are empty phrases in the face of the monopoly of the means of existence. Liberty and economic dependence cannot go hand in hand. Inevitably the awakening worker directs his struggle against the system of wage slavery and exploitation. He knows that these are the cause and the bulwark of poverty and oppression. Therefore he demands the land from its usurpers, to throw open the door of opportunity, and make accessible to all the sources of life and liberty. And should these be denied him, he will possess himself of them by the logic and strength of his economic power.

The significance of the First of May is to further this grand conception of labor's mission, and hasten its realization. It is a great and difficult task. But in spite of all obstacles, Forward! is our motto, and ever forward we progress.

A short while since the master class rejoiced over the fatal blow they thought labor had sustained through the McNamara brothers, who had confessed to the use of dynamite in the duel of labor against capital. In the camp of the enemy there was great joy: now the workers and their organizations are almost crushed; meekly they will have to bear whatever burdens the captains of industry and the mandarins of legality choose to saddle them with. And indeed, many a labor leader crawled

on his belly before the powers that be, forswearing his comrades on the firing-line, and leaving them helpless in the clutches of the judicial bandits. The reactionists were jubilant and planned to profit by the situation. But in their exceeding gratification over the miserable cowardice of the leaders, they had forgotten the "common" people. *These*, however, had issued no statements, given out no interviews. But presently their voice became audible; signs of rebellious discontent became manifest here and there, and lo! the whole country was swept by the fire of resistance, and suddenly the exploiters faced numerous strikes, which were characterized by individual and collective, occasionally clearly conscious resistance to the existing. In dismay the powers that be sought to stem the rising tide with a reign of terror, compared with which the activities of the McNamaras pale into insignificance.

In vain. The spirit of solidaric labor triumphed. Yet why this rage and fury of the enemy? Because in the strike of the textile workers in Lawrence, Mass., in its tendency and methods, capitalism sees the handwriting on the wall. This strike was not conducted along the old trades union lines, that invite scabbery and treachery. New paths were struck out. The strikers refused to continue in the rôle of the patient herd, its fate to be decreed by the communion of plutocrat and labor politician. The consciousness of labor was awake. The masters raged at the growing aggressiveness and resistance of their slaves; in their madness they resorted to the most brutal white terror, but the spirit of the New England factory slaves went marching through the country, carrying hope and inspiration to the workers everywhere. It broke the spell that threatened to stifle labor in the swamp of cowardice and toadyism, resulting from the McNamara incident. It demonstrated the treachery and servility of the official leaders and the hopelessness of the antiquated union methods; it unfurled the banner of direct action, of popular initiative, and effective solidaric effort.

Thus the First of May of this year heralds the joyful promise of a Better Day, for a' that and a' that. It bears the seed of the future that will usher in the Dawn,

as visioned by William Morris in his prophetic "News from Nowhere":

"Said old Hammond: 'Time was when if you mounted a good horse and rode straight away from my door here at a round trot for an hour and a half, you would still be in the thick of London, and the greater part of that would be "slums" as they were called; that is to say, places of torture for innocent men and women; or worse, stews for rearing and breeding men and women in such degradation that that torture should seem to them mere ordinary and natural life.'"

"I know, I know," I said, rather impatiently. "That was what was; tell me something of what is. Is any of that left?"

"Not an inch," said he; "but some memory of it abides with us, and I am glad of it. Once a year, on May-day, we hold a solemn feast in those easterly communes of London to commemorate The Clearing of Misery, as it is called. On that day we have music and dancing, and merry games and happy feasting on the site of some of the worst of the old slums, the traditional memory of which we have kept. On that occasion the custom is for the prettiest girls to sing some of the old revolutionary songs, and those which were the groans of the discontent, once so hopeless, on the very spots where those terrible crimes of class-murder were committed day by day for so many years. To a man like me, who have studied the past so diligently, it is a curious and touching sight to see some beautiful girl, scantily clad, and crowned with flowers from the neighboring meadows, standing amongst the happy people, on some mound where of old time stood the wretched apology for a house, a den in which men and women lived packed amongst the filth like pilchards in a cask; lived in such a way that they could only have endured it, as I said just now, by being degraded out of humanity—to hear the terrible words of threatening and lamentation coming from her sweet and beautiful lips, and she unconscious of their real meaning; to hear her, for instance, singing Hood's Song of the Shirt, and to think that all the time she does not understand what it is all about—a tragedy grown inconceivable to her and her listeners. Think of that, if you can, and of how glorious life is grown!"

LESSONS IN PATRIOTISM

By A. SYLVESTER YATES.

IT WOULD require a large-sized volume to describe all the crimes and brutalities committed upon labor in the name of the law, within the last few months. In the Pennsylvania coal mines there are taking place massacres of workingmen; in Lawrence, strike leaders are facing the conspirative revenge of capitalism; in Paterson, N. J., the jails are filled with strikers because the Mayor is anxious to appease the masters who have threatened to remove their factories from the city, if the foreign agitators are not driven out. In Newark similar conditions prevail.

In the West, San Diego is still the scene of the most bloodthirsty legal bestiality. *Organized Labor,* the organ of the Building Trades, publishes numerous affidavits by sympathizers and participants in the free speech fight, who have fallen into the clutches of the authorities. We reproduce two of those statements, in every detail typical of the situation:

G. L. CUNNINGHAM, being by me first duly sworn, says:

That I, with about fourteen other men, was arrested in San Diego on Thursday morning, April 4, 1912. I was kept there until 9.30 P. M., when I was taken and handcuffed and loaded into an automobile truck. A heavy guard of citizens and police took us to Sorrento, California. We were unloaded in front of a shack. A dozen automobiles came from San Diego, bringing a vigilance committee. Most of the members of this committee were drunk. The handcuffs were taken off and the vigilance committee told to line up on each side of us and to pick their man. We were told to go over and to kneel and kiss the flag. As we marched over they clubbed us. All of the men were knocked down in front of the flag in a pile, and the committee held flashlights on us and beat us while we were down. We were made to run the gauntlet several times. Then we were lined up in lockstep and forced to march about a half-mile to where the automobiles were standing, being clubbed the whole way. We were then loaded into the automobiles and taken to San Onofre, being beaten all the way. We reached San Onofre about 2 A. M., on Friday, April 5, 1912, and were confined in a cattle-pen, where they asked us all sorts of questions and struck us with clubs until daylight. About 9 A. M. we were taken out in fives and marched about a half-mile across a trestle bridge and were made to kiss the flag and were forced to run the gauntlet, being beaten with clubs and blacksnakes.

G. L. CUNNINGHAM.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1912.

SEBALD L. CIEROSKI,
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

I, THOMAS KILCULLEN, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That I am a citizen of Yorkshire, England, of the age of 37 years. That on the 25th day of March, 1912, at about the hour of 2.30 P. M., I was arrested in the City of San Diego, County of San Diego, State of California, and taken to the police station, where I was put through an examination of the bulldozing order, and called vile names. That I corroborate that which my fellow-worker, John Kern, states, viz.: the remark made by one of the men who took us in custody, "You fellows are not playing with the police now; instead you are up against a determined bunch, and that there are two thousand of us who will take care of you G—— d—— I. W. W.'s," this name being applied to a labor organization of which we are members. That the statement, "You are not playing with the police," was repeatedly emphasized. That, after being packed in an automobile accompanied by these men, I was driven some fifteen miles from the city, and when ordered from the machine was asked if I would ever attempt to come back to San Diego, so, being at the mercy of these men, naturally answered "No." With that they said "Beat it." That at that moment I received several kicks, one of them very severe, and if I had not run to escape their violence, would have received more brutal treatment at their hands. That I walked back in the rain to San Diego, arriving at 6 A. M., having walked all night in the rain with two other victims who had received similar treatment, and deserted at the same place.

THOMAS KILCULLEN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this —— day of March, 1912.

IRENE F. SHERIDAN,
Notary Public in and for the County
of San Diego, State of California.

Will anyone who has red blood in his veins be surprized if such terrible outrages should drive some McNamara natures to the use of dynamite?

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

ON the 18th of March, 1871, the people of Paris rose against a despised and detested Government, and proclaimed the city independent, free, belonging to itself.

This overthrow of the central power took place without the usual stage effects of revolution, without the firing of guns, without the shedding of blood upon barricades. When the armed people came out into the streets, the rulers fled away, the troops evacuated the town, the civil functionaries hurriedly retreated to Versailles, carrying everything they could with them. The Government evaporated like a pond of stagnant water in a spring breeze, and on the 19th the great city of Paris found herself free from the impurity which had defiled her, with the loss of scarcely a drop of her children's blood.

Yet the change thus accomplished began a new era in that long series of revolutions whereby the peoples are marching from slavery to freedom. Under the name *Commune of Paris* a new idea was born, to become the starting-point for future revolutions.

As is always the case, this frutiful idea was not the product of some one individual's brain, of the conceptions of some philosopher; it was born of the collective spirit, it sprang from the heart of a whole community. But at first it was vague, and many of those who acted upon and gave their lives for it did not look at it in the light in which we see it to-day; they did not realize the full purport of the revolution they inaugurated or the fertility of the new principle they tried to put in practice. It was only after they had begun to apply it that its future bearing slowly dawned upon them; it was only afterwards, when the new principle came to be thought out, that it grew definite and precise, and was seen in all its clearness, in all its beauty, its justice, the importance of its results.

During the five or six years that came before the Commune, Socialism had taken a new departure in the spread and rapid growth of the International Working Men's Association. In its local branches and general

congresses the workers of Europe met together and took counsel with one another upon the social question as they had never done before. Amongst those who saw that social revolution was inevitable, and were actively busy in making ready for it, one problem above all others seemed to press for solution. "The existing development of industry will force a great economic revolution upon our society; this revolution will abolish private property, will put in common all the capital piled up by previous generations; but, what form of political grouping will be most suited to these changes in our economic system?"

"The grouping must not be merely national," answered the International Working Men's Association, "it must extend across all artificial frontiers and boundary lines." And soon this grand idea sunk into the hearts of the peoples and took fast hold of their minds. Though it has been hunted down ever since by the united efforts of every species of reactionary, it is alive nevertheless, and when the voice of the peoples in revolt shall melt the obstacles to its development, it will reappear stronger than ever before.

But when this vast idea of International Association had been struck out, it still remained to discover what should be the component parts of the federation of the world.

To this question two answers were given, each the expression of a distinct current of thought. One said, The Popular State; the other said, Anarchy.

The German Socialists advocated that the State should take possession of all accumulated wealth and give it over to associations of workers, and further, should organize production and exchange, and generally watch over the life and activities of society.

To them the Socialists of the Latin race, strong in revolutionary experience, replied that it would be a miracle if such a State could ever exist; but if it could, it would surely be the worst of tyrannies. This ideal of the all-powerful and beneficent State is merely a copy from the past, they said; and they confronted it with a new ideal: An-archy, i. e., the total abolition of the State, and social organization from the simple

to the complex by means of the free federation of popular groups of producers and consumers.

It was soon admitted, even by the more liberal-minded State Socialists, that Anarchy certainly represented a much better sort of organization than that aimed at by the popular State; but, they said, the Anarchist ideal is so far off that just now we cannot trouble about it.

At the same time, it was true that the Anarchist theory did need some short, clear mode of expression, some formula at once simple and practical, to show plainly its point of departure and embody its conceptions, to indicate how it was supported by an actually existing tendency amongst the people. A Federation of Workers' Unions and groups of consumers, regardless of frontiers and quite independent of existing States, seemed too vague; and, moreover, it was easy to see that it could not fully satisfy all the infinite variety of human requirements. A clearer formula was wanted, one more easily grasped, one which had a firm foundation in the realities of actual life.

If the question had merely been how best to elaborate a theory, we should have said, Theories, as theories, are not of so very much importance. But as long as a new idea has not found a clear, precise form of statement, growing naturally out of things as they actually exist, it does not take hold of men's minds, does not inspire them to enter upon a decisive struggle. The people do not fling themselves into the unknown without some positive and clearly formulated idea to serve them, as it were, for a springing-board when they reach the starting point.

As for this starting point, they must be led up to it by life itself.

* * * * * * * *

For five whole months Paris had been isolated by the German besiegers; for five whole months she had lived as she listed and had learned to know the immense economic, intellectual and moral strength which she possessed. She had caught a glimpse of her own force of initiative and realized what it meant. At the same time she had seen that the prating crew who took upon them to exercise authority, had no

idea how to organize either the defence of France or its internal development. She had seen the Central Government at cross purposes with every manifestation of the intelligence of the mighty city. Finally, she had come to realize that any government must be powerless to guard against great disasters or to smooth the path of rapid evolution. During the Siege her defenders, her workers, had suffered the most frightful privations, whilst her idlers revelled in insolent luxury, and, thanks to the Central Government, she had seen the failure of every attempt to put an end to these scandals. Each time that her people had showed signs of a desire for a free scope, the Government had added weight to their chains. Naturally such experience gave birth to the idea that Paris must make herself an independent Commune, able to realize within her walls the wishes of her citizens.

And thus this word—*"The Commune"*—the freely federated Communes, instead of the State—became the general cry.

* * * * * * * * *

The Commune of 1871 could be nothing but a first attempt. Beginning at the close of a great war, hemmed in between two armies ready to join hands and crush the people, it dared not unhesitatingly set forth upon the path of economic revolution. It neither boldly declared itself Socialist nor proceeded to the expropriation of capital nor the organization of labor. It did not even take stock of the general resources of the city.

Nor did it break with the tradition of the State, of representative Government. It did not seek to effect *within* the Commune that very organization from the simple to the complex which it inaugurated *without,* by proclaiming the independence and free federation of Communes.

Yet it is certain that if the Commune of Paris could have lived a few months longer, it would have been inevitably driven by the force of circumstances towards both these revolutions. Let us not forget that the French middle-class spent altogether four years, from 1789 to 1793, in revolutionary action before they changed a limited monarchy into a republic. Ought we then to be astonished that the people of Paris did not cross with

one bound the space between an Anarchist Commune and the Government of the Spoilers. But let us also bear in mind that the next Revolution, which in France and Spain at least will be Communal, will take up the work of the Commune of Paris where it was interrupted by the massacres of the Versailles soldiery.

* * * * * * * * *

The Commune was defeated, and too well we know how the middle-class avenged itself for the scare given it by the people when they shook their rulers' yoke loose upon their necks. It proved that there really are two classes in our modern society; on one side, the man who works and yields up to the monopolists of property more than half of what he produces and yet lightly passes over the wrong done him by his masters; on the other, the idler, the spoiler, hating his slave, ready to kill him like game, animated by the most savage instincts as soon as he is menaced in his possession.

After having shut in the people of Paris and closed all means of exit, the Versailles Government let loose soldiers upon them; soldiers brutalized by drink and barrack life, who had been publicly told to make short work of *"the wolves and their cubs."* To the people it was said:

"You shall perish, whatever you do! If you are taken with arms in your hands—death! If you use them—death! If you beg for mercy—death! Whichever way you turn, right, left, back, forward, up, down,—death! You are not merely outside the law, you are outside humanity. Neither age nor sex shall save you and yours. You shall die, but first you shall taste the agony of your wife, your sister, your mother, your sons and daughters, even those in the cradle! Before your eyes the wounded man shall be taken out of the ambulance and hacked with bayonets or knocked down with the butt end of a rifle. He shall be dragged living by his broken leg or bleeding arm and flung like a suffering, groaning bundle of refuse into the gutter. Death! Death! Death!"

And after this mad orgy, these piles of corpses, this wholesale extermination, came the petty revenge, the cat-o'-nine tails, the irons in the ship's hold, the blows and insults of the warders, the semi-starvation, all the

refinements of cruelty. Can the people forget these doughty deeds?

* * * * * * * * *

Overthrown, but not conquered, the Commune in our days is born again. It is no longer a dream of the vanquished, caressing in imagination the lovely mirage of hope. No! the "Commune" of to-day is becoming the visible and definite aim of the Revolution rumbling beneath our feet. The idea is sinking deep into the masses, it is giving them a rallying cry. We count on the present generation to bring about the Social Revolution *within* the Commune, to put an end to the ignoble system of midle-class exploitation, to rid the people of the tutelage of the State, to inaugurate a new era of liberty, equality, solidarity in the evolution of the human race.

SOCIALISTS SAVE THE NATIONAL FLAG

By J. L. BURBANK.

THE influence of Socialist politicians threatens to turn the First of May, the symbol of revolutionary awakening and international solidarity of labor, into as inane a farce as the legally permitted Labor Day. The demonstration is conducted under the escort—almost by the direction—of the police, and the national rag is proudly carried at the head of the march, as if to proclaim the demonstrants desirable, law-abiding men and women. The bands play alternately the "Marseillaise" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then follow the speeches which prove with what ease the workers could secure freedom, well-being, and happiness, if they were only smart enough to cast the right piece of paper on election day. Add to this the stereotyped resolutions, previously framed in the party headquarters, and which are—of course!—passed unanimously, and the program of the First of May is complete.

This year a little more spirit and activity was injected in the demonstration. The people assembled at Union Square began to protest when the chairman of the meeting refused to permit an invited speaker to address the audience on the Lawrence situation. To expose the rot-

tenness of legal justice and the contemplated murder of Ettor and Giovannitti might have served to puncture the political gas-bag of the ballot-box worshippers. The Socialist committee would have none of such a speaker. It is not difficult to understand why some of the more energetic persons in the audience resented the action of the platform Socialists. There was some excitement, and then voices began to be raised, demanding the removal of the national rag from the speakers' stand. Here and there hands were stretched out to tear down the flag striped with the blood of oppression. At this critical moment the Socialists discovered their patriotic and law-loving hearts. They became imbued with the savage, tiger-like fighting instinct of the real estate dealer and lawyer, Hillquit, and, bravely snatching the precious rag, they carried it to safety (so it is claimed) behind the skirts of a woman. Momentous event of historic import!

It is shocking to think of the diabolic wickedness of the I. W. W. men and the Anarchists. They dare refuse to talk of the emancipation of labor under the blood-besmeared banner of the plutocracy. It was indeed fortunate that the Socialists quickly came to the rescue, and carried the emblem of murderous and thieving patriotism to safety.

Has the plutocratic government at Washington no reward for this heroic deed? If no steps have yet been taken to express proper appreciation of the patriotic loyalty and zeal of the Union Square Socialists, we earnestly urge that the worthy lady—now world-famous for having saved the Bars and Stripes even at the imminent risk of disarranging her toilette—should at least be honored with a Carnegie Hero medal. The admiration and respect of the besotted old Grand Army men, unstintingly as the lady has received them, are by no means an adequate reward for so distinguished an act of patriotic heroism.

Similarly has Victor Berger, the first Socialist in Congress, covered himself with the laurels of patriotic loyalty, and earned the eternal gratitude of every patriotic grafter. According to the report published in a prominent place in the N. Y. *Call*, Berger had this to say regarding the flag incident at Union Square:

I understand the whole affair was a frame-up. They wanted to destroy the effects of any demonstration under Socialistic auspices. The Industrial Workers of the World—many of them—do not understand that Socialism is international—not anti-national. The red flag is the international emblem of Socialism, but it in no way excludes or antagonizes the Star-Spangled Banner, for which every American Socialist who has any brains will stand, even though it is now under control of the capitalistic class.

The Socialists are the best patriots we have. They are not like the Republicans and Democrats, who claim to have a mortgage on the flag.

Socialists got black eyes and bloody noses in defending the flag in Union Square, and, if necessary, they would risk infinitely more in defending it.

Should the interests of Wall Street dictate war with Mexico to defend the "honor of the flag," then it is to be hoped that the Socialist Congressman and the editors of the *Call* will not fail in their manifest duty, and at once issue a call for a volunteer regiment of Socialists.

The *Call,* however, even beats the Honorable Victor in the disgusting rôle of informer. It has editorially denounced the tearing down of the national rag and cowardly insinuates the existence of a frame-up to disturb the meeting. The *Call* wrote in this regard:

We do not know for whom those who tried to disrupt the Socialist May Day parade were working. One thing only is certain—it was not for the working class. Whoever employed them, whoever urged them on, whoever paid them for the dirty business they started, does not much matter. One thing only is evident—the provocative agent takes protean forms.

Evident is only that it would be too great a tax upon the mentality and honesty of the *Call* to appreciate the spontaneous popular outburst of indignation and resentment at the sight of the symbol of robbery and murder spreading its folds over the First of May demonstration. And it is further evident to every intelligent man that the editors of the *Call* and the Socialist politicians have trampled into the dirt the best feelings of the men and women assembled on the First of May for the very purpose of protesting against the crimes and outrages daily and hourly perpetrated under cover of the flag which the *Call* and Co. are so eager to protect. In their petty political scheming the Socialists have driven their patriotic hypocrisy to the point of denouncing as police agents workingmen whose revolutionary spirit has sur-

vived the systematic undermining of the Socialist politicians.

The American proletariat will not so easily forget this Socialist treachery and the indignity put upon labor by these patriotic lickspittles.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE POWER OF THE IDEAL

> And he leaned forward and laid his hand upon the sleeper, smiling; and this only she heard: "This shall be thy reward—that the Ideal shall be real to thee."—OLIVE SCHREINER, in "A Dream of Wild Bees."

IN THESE wonderful words is compressed the deep mystery of the Ideal, which from time immemorial has compelled the idealist onward, in the face of all obstacles, in spite of all difficulties and misunderstandings.

KANSAS CITY, MO., did not look very encouraging. Owing to the wonderful efficiency of our Post Office department, Comrade Browne—who had kindly offered to arrange the meetings—was waiting for my letter, while I was waiting for his. Thus three valuable weeks were lost. Fortunately, our Comrade has the qualities so rare among radicals: thoroughness and system. In one week he had our announcements printed and distributed, so that the meetings were far beyond our expectations, both in point of attendance and spirit. But, above all, the gatherings demonstrated the growing insurgency in Socialist ranks. Kansas City more than other cities of the Middle West has a large, conscious revolutionary, industrial element that is fast growing away from the political diet prepared in the Socialist kitchen. True to the revolutionary proletarian spirit, they do not wait for the political chefs to dish out their rations; they prefer themselves to carry on a vigorous agitation along direct economic lines, which is more likely to satisfy the mental and physical palate of the workers. Nor are the Kansas City boys content with mere theoretic diet. A number of them are now tramping to San Diego, having left Kansas City shortly after us, and reaching Denver when we were holding forth in that town. The circumstance gave us an opportunity to collect enough funds to enable them to go further toward the seat of war.

After the milk-and-water Socialists one generally meets in the East, these brave comrades, whose deep solidarity knows no drawbacks, were very refreshing. Added to this was the reunion with several comrades who had traveled far to meet us in K. C. Our old war-horse, Fred. P. Young, ever on hand; Ben Capes, full of the joy of life, and bubbling over with mischief and fun; then Lowell Masters, from Nebraska, as simple and true as if civilization had passed him by. In such company and comradery the stay in K. C. passed all too soon.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, was one of the conspiracies of circumstances. Everything went wrong. But so long as the Ideal is real, such experiences are of little moment.

DENVER turned out to be the city of "miracles." At first things seemed very disheartening. Dear, staunch May Courtney, although poor in health and much harrassed by the economic whip, worked hard to make our five lectures successful. But with the original meeting place refused at the very last moment, and a tremendous rental for halls which *had* to be taken, the situation did not look very promising. The meetings were poorly attended and, what was more paralyzing, the audiences were spiritless and uninspiring. But for the excitement at the lecture on "Socialism Caught in the Political Trap," which nearly ended in a riot, thanks to the very high conception of freedom on the part of a Socialist, the first week in Denver would have passed very uneventfully.

Then the "miracle" happened. I was asked by the Denver *Post* to write a series of articles on the "Growing Social Unrest." At the same time, some newspaper women, who had been rather fair to me on previous occasions, undertook to arrange a lecture in The Brown Palace Hotel, on Rostand's great play "Chanticleer."

Feeling like *Patou,* I scented a rat at first, but when I was given assurance that I could write as I pleased, and speak as I would before any other audience, I cheerfully accepted. Who could forego the pleasure of telling "society" to its face how empty and rotten it is? And where could one find a better vehicle of expression, a more biting satire on all our cherished institutions, a more

unflinching attack on our tinseled culture, than "Chanticleer," Rostand's philosophic and poetic masterpiece?

Had the gods been in my favor, they could not have offered me a better opportunity to hold up the mirror to the parasitic Pheasants, the idle social Guinea Hen, the unprincipled Blackbird, the charlatan Peacock, the cringing, slimy Toads of Denver Society, and, not knowing when fate would so favor me again, I did my best to make use of the occasion.

George Bernard Shaw once said that as long as he wrote Socialist tracts no one would read him; but when he began to employ the drama to express his Socialist attacks upon the idle rich, the latter split their gloves in violent approval of his ideas. The same happened in Denver.

My five meetings of the first week barely brought enough people to pay the hall rents, and, but for the faithful few, the audiences remained inert. But when I spoke through the mouth of Rostand, when I made him expose the social cancer and bring home the dullness and monotony of the "elect" set, the cruelty and ignorance that meet the idealist, the pitfalls and temptations he must face, and the struggle he must make not to forswear the Ideal, the audience "split its costly gloves" in approval. That, however, would have hardly been worth the effort; the thing which was worth while was the presence of a few earnest men and women.

The intellectual proletarians are a new type in America, but an ever increasing and permanent type. School teachers, writers, artists, stenographers, bookkeepers, and professionals in general, are forced even like the workers to realize the terrible effect of the economic struggle. They are of course still groping in the dark, unable to find the point of contact with the rest of the social forces.

What if it is the modern drama rather than the direct industrial phase which opens up the true meaning of our social abyss to these people? After all, the modern drama is no mean factor in disseminating new ideas, in pulling men and women out of their self-satisfied complacency, their mental laziness, their soul indifference.

I was therefore glad to find a number of eager and earnest people, who, after a hard day's work in school, office, or university, flocked to the drama lectures every

day from 5 to 6.30, and listened with an intensity and appreciation which only those who really want to know display.

Space will not permit me to do justice to all who joined the "class." But a few impressed themselves so strongly on my memory, I must say a word about them. There is Mrs. McFarland, a most wonderfully striking personality, instructor in the literary department of the Denver University and, as I have been told, a very brilliant teacher herself. Her face reminds me of Sonya Kovalevskaya, with eyes so big and deep and sad. She absorbed herself so much in the short course, that when I announced the possibility of my return in June, she immediately offered to keep up the work which I started during our Denver visit.

There is Miss Kennan, a most scholarly woman, with a broad and big outlook on life, so rare among American women teachers. There is also Miss Nef, an enthusiast and an eager seeker for social truths. And there were other women, mostly tired, weary, and worn from the terrible struggle for existence. Not least among them, there was a pale-faced earnest newspaper girl, deeply absorbed in the modern economic methods of warfare, syndicalism and direct action. All these intellectual wage slaves came to learn, to find an explanation for the growing unrest of their own class, and how they might become factors in the tide of the greater social awakening.

Nor seems their interest to be momentary, or a mere fad; else they would not so willingly have grouped themselves around Mrs. McFarland, who is now continuing the *causeries* we have started, "to keep the group together until your return," she said in her wonderfully melodious voice.

The most important part of the French propaganda consists in just such small *causeries,* groups of people who discuss all the important phases of the great social struggle. If the Denver venture would serve as an inspiration for other places, there might in time be born a vital intellectual and radical movement that would prepare the soil for bigger and more far-reaching things.

We came to the Rocky Mountain City for five lectures only, but remained till fourteen meetings were held and five articles written and published, all of which was ac-

complished in thirteen days. As behooves the American spirit, "hurry up, step lively." But where there is a will, there is a way; besides, with the ardent help of Comrades May Courtney, Dr. Wey, Citron, Hurowitch, Frank and Lena Monroe, the two Cohen sisters, and John Spies, Anarchists of old standing, the true Russian souls, Semionof and his wife, the feat did not seem quite so terrible. But the strenuous side was all forgotten in the pleasant social at the studio of our old friend Elder, who also furnished the music.

However, the Denver "miracle" is not at an end; we are to return later on for a month, at the request of the Denver *Post,* if only the wind does not blow in another direction, which in newspaper ethics and the Colorado climate is apt to happen.

After Denver, SALT LAKE CITY appeared tame, even though it is a Mormon town. But we were glad to come back there, because of our loyal circle, among them a very courageous and able little woman, Virginia Stephen, who is an instructor in the art department at the University of Utah, notwithstanding which she carries on active work in the Sunday class of the Modern School, started by Thurston Brown. It was this friend who had also arranged our meetings. If the *intelligenzia* of America, like their Russian confrères, are beginning to make common cause with the people, there is hope for this country.

Just at present the attention of all earnest rebels must be directed toward Mexico, where the heroic struggle of the peons is to be terminated by the mailed fist of Uncle Sam. And also to San Diego, where that terrible fist has already committed enough crimes to condemn it unto all eternity. It is only since our arrival in Los Angeles that we have learned of all the horrors in San Diego, but as we expect to go there ourselves, we will report matters in the next issue. Meanwhile, we have collected some money for the free speech fight, and we shall continue to raise funds till that great struggle is fought to a successful issue.

For this and the next month we have a hard siege before us: Los Angeles, ten days; San Francisco for a similar length of time; Portland for six lectures; Seattle for about two weeks. Mail will reach us until May 28th,

at San Francisco; June 3rd—10th, Portland; June 10th —17th, Seattle. All directed to General Delivery.

"This shall be thy reward—that the Ideal shall be real to thee." With that, nothing else matters.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Collected for the Free Speech Fight, San Diego, Cal:—Kansas City, Mo., $18.00; Denver, Colo., $12.75; Denver, for the boys en route to San Diego, $13.00; Salt Lake City, Utah, $9.30. Also collected $5.00 from Rogers Baldwin, St. Louis, for Lawrence, Mass., fund.

SAN DIEGO ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We hereby acknowledge the receipt of the following donations for the Free Speech Fight in San Diego:

Emma Goldman Meeting in Kansas City.....	$18.00
" " " " Denver, Colo.....	12.70
" " " " Salt Lake Sity.....	9.30
Total	$40.00

Thanking you for your aid in our fight for freedom, yours in the Revolution,

CALIFORNIA FREE SPEECH LEAGUE,
By STANLEY M. GUE, Secretary. KASPAR BAUER, Treasurer.

APPEAL FROM LAWRENCE

Fellow-workers and Comrades! As was to be expected, the mill owners of Lawrence and other points, defeated by the workers in open conflict, have rushed to the blindfolded Goddess of Law to secure balm for their wounded hearts. We have been indicted by the Grand Jury as accessories to the murder of Annie La Pizza, a girl striker. She was shot in a police-created riot on January 29th, and in our belief by a policeman in uniform, one whom numerous witnesses recognized and accused in open court.

Besides this, we together with a number of other fellow-workers have been further indicted on numerous counts for "conspiracy."

Let the hireling agents of the masters swear to their "*instructions.*" Our only crime is "Loyalty to the working class." If the reward for that be death, we will give up our lives with a song on our lips.

Because of the workers' struggle, in which we enjoyed their confidence and played a prominent part, $15,000,-

000 increase in wages annually will be reaped by the textile workers of New England, and there will be that much less profit to the capitalists. Therefore the masters are bent upon having our heads, and through the machinations of their legal and political puppets, they will leave no stone unturned to accomplish their desire.

Comrades! In this struggle, as in the past ones, we gave to our fellow-workers all of our experience, energies, knowledge, enthusiasm, devotion and love, that children may be taken from the mills and sent to the schoolroom, that fathers may receive sufficient pay to maintain their families, that nursing babes shall not be torn from their toiling mothers' breasts. We were violently taken away from the battle and held as hostages. Hitherto, men similarly charged have been entitled by law to bail in the State of Massachusetts, but this has been repeatedly denied us on judges' discretion!

Now that the struggle is over, it is proposed that we shall pay the price for our ideals and activities. It is the duty of the great tribunal of labor and of all who sympathize with labor's aspirations for a better day, to decide the question of our responsibilities and ultimate freedom. Fellow-workers! Gathered around this jail a few weeks ago, twenty-five thousand men, women, and children, members of our class, cheered and sang the songs of their love and feeling of solidarity for us. But this immense and magnificent popular demonstration was not enough to convince the masters of our innocence. Thus again the lesson has been repeated that the basis of law is not the people's will.

We remain, however, unshaken in our firm and profound belief in the final triumph of Truth and Justice. We appeal to you, each and all, to bear witness at our trial when the great cause of human emancipation, in the persons of two sincere soldiers, shall once again sit on the felon's bench to face and challenge all the combined powers of capitalist reaction.

We are innocent of any crime. We have fought like good soldiers a loyal, open, and fair battle, with the clean weapon of working class solidarity; against enormous wealth; surrounded by thugs with guns and clubs in a forest of bayonets; and we have won the greatest victory in the history of labor.

Therefore we hope that as in the past workers never appealed to us in vain for support in their cause, so now you will support us in this our hour of supreme need.

Assuring you of our complete innocence and of our faith and loyalty to the cause of labor, we remain,

Yours for industrial freedom,

Joseph Ettor,
Arthur Giovannitti,

Issued by the Committee of the
Ettor-Giovannitti Defense League.
Wm. D. Haywood,
Wm. E. Trautman,
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn,
Wm. Yates.

❦ ❦ ❦

A POLITICIAN ABOUT A REVOLUTIONIST

By M. B.

IN the recently published second volume of his memoirs, August Bebel continues the story of his political career. The author, the foremost leader of the German Social Democracy, is widely regarded as a revolutionary Socialist; but the perusal of his memoirs discovers the error of this view—an error that requires correction.

Page after page we read in Bebel's book of political parties and parliamentary constellations, of cabinet changes, elections, and ballot box majorities. In short, the work reflects all the phases of the numerous political cock fights during the career of Bebel. The author is so deeply immersed in his material that the reader finds little either of personal memoirs or of the history and development of Socialist thought.

But that Bebel is preëminently the politician becomes still more evident from his observations concerning John Most who, together with Bebel, was a member of the Reichstag, but who had later developed to the heights of Anarchism. Bebel gives no inkling that he understands the process of that development. Thus he writes regarding Most that he had perished in America as a drunkard, and that he, Bebel, regrets that Most, a man of talent and ability, had found such a miserable end.

It is probable that Bebel received his information from some of the Socialist leaders of New York. These surely had no love for Most, for they felt him as their accusing conscience, because Most never tired of emphasizing that their petty vote-catching game had nothing in common with Socialism. To those that see in the Socialist philosophy something more than vote gathering, more than mere parliamentary sleight of hand, John Most was more of a Socialist than August Bebel with his fellow politicians.

But whatever sources Bebel may have drawn on for his information, it is quite inadequate and entirely false. It sounds as if it was supplied by a wilful slanderer or a fool. Most did not "perish miserably" in America. He died on the battlefield, holding high the banner of humanity. It was in the City of Cincinnati, during an extensive tour of agitation, which involved—especially in the case of our comrade—exceptional obstacles and hardships. Throughout his life Most remained loyal to his convictions; nay, more: in spite of all persecution he was indefatigably active to the very end. He suffered more baiting and harrying during the various terms of his imprisonment than any one of the Social Democratic leaders, Bebel included.

Most was undoubtedly the most harassed and persecuted man in America. That the capitalist press pictured him as a monster and caricature, can surely not be held against him; rather was it due to the ignorance and malice of the "intellectual" prostitutes.

Most was a strong and unique personality. The original cast of his mind and character became especially striking in the latter years of his life—a circumstance which strongly testified to his continued growth rather than to decline, as Bebel appears to believe. He filled the pages of the *Freiheit* with life, energy and inspiration —the more noteworthy because he could draw but little enthusiasm from the German circles in America, which —with some happy exceptions—neither understood nor appreciated him. Most could not, like Bebel, point to four million balloteers; he gloried in being a free lance of the Revolution, who generally had to face the enemy alone—and who never flinched. We make bold to assert that the great majority of the prominent Social Demo-

cratic leaders of Germany—and elsewhere—would have long ago turned their backs upon the movement, had they to endure even a small part of the hardships and adversity that fell to the lot of Most.

The career of Bebel is that of the successful politician, and as such he entirely lacks understanding of the fate of the revolutionist who is forever the pioneer blazing his own path.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

The Most Vital Question of the Times

DIRECT ACTION

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

A 20-page pamphlet, well got up, on a subject of the greatest interest to every thinking workingman.

PRICE, 5 CENTS

In view of its peculiar fitness as a propaganda pamphlet, we will supply **DIRECT ACTION**, in bundles of 100, at $3.50; bundles of 50, at $2.00. Because of its high cost of production, no discount can be allowed on lesser quantities.

THE GREATEST STRUGGLE OF OUR DAY

THE

Mexican Revolution

Its Progress, Causes, Purpose and Probable Results

By WM. C. OWEN

Editor, English Section, *Regeneracion*, Official Organ of the Mexican Liberal Party

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

ADDRESS: REGENERACION, 914 BOSTON ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL

MOTHER EARTH SERIES

Bound volumes Mother Earth..@		$2.00
Psychology of Political Violence	Emma Goldman	10c.
Anarchism: What It Really Stands For	Emma Goldman	10c.
Marriage and Love	Emma Goldman	10c.
Patriotism	Emma Goldman	5c.
What I Believe	Emma Goldman	5c.
Anarchy Versus Socialism	William C. Owen	5c.
What Is Worth While?	Adeline Champney	5c.
The Right to Disbelieve	Edwin Kuh	5c.
Anarchism and American Traditions	Voltairine de Cleyre	5c.
Crime and Punishment	C. D. Light	5c.
The Dominant Idea	Voltairine de Cleyre	5c.
Anarchism and Malthus	C. L. James	5c.
The Modern School	Francisco Ferrer	5c.

ANARCHISM

And Other Essays

By EMMA GOLDMAN

¶ Including a biographic SKETCH of the author's interesting career, a splendid PORTRAIT, and twelve of her most important lectures, some of which have been suppressed by the police authorities of various cities. This book expresses the most advanced ideas on social questions—economics, politics, education and sex.

Second Revised Edition

Emma Goldman—the notorious, insistent, rebellious, enigmatical Emma Goldman—has published her first book, "Anarchism and Other Essays." In it she records "the mental and soul struggles of twenty-one years," and recites all the articles of that strange and subversive creed in behalf of which she has suffered imprisonment, contumely and every kind of persecution. The book is a vivid revelation of a unique personality. It appears at a time when Anarchistic ideas are undoubtedly in the ascendant throughout the world.—*Current Literature.*

Emma Goldman's book on "Anarchism and Other Essays" ought to be read by all so-called respectable women, and adopted as a text-book by women's clubs throughout the country. . . . For courage, persistency, self-effacement, self-sacrifice in the pursuit of her object, she has hitherto been unsurpassed among the world's women. . . . Repudiating as she does practically every tenet of what the modern State holds good, she stands for some of the noblest traits in human nature.—*Life.*

Every thoughtful person ought to read this volume of papers by the foremost American Anarchist. In whatever way the book may modify or strengthen the opinion already held by its readers, there is no doubt that a careful reading of it will tend to bring about greater social sympathy. It will help the public to understand a group of serious-minded and morally strenuous individuals, and also to feel the spirit that underlies the most radical tendencies of the great labor movement of our day.—Hutchins Hapgood in *The Bookman.*

Price $1.00 By Mail $1.10

ORDER THROUGH YOUR BOOK DEALER OR SEND TO

Mother Earth Publishing Association

55 WEST 28th STREET, NEW YORK